

Eat Me

Pennywise x Fem!Reader -

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Eat Me by [Khaleesi_of_Lannisport](#)

Series: [Pennywise x Fem!Reader](#) [1]

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: F/M, NSFW, No Plot/Plotless, Oral Sex, Rough Sex, Scary Clowns, Shameless Smut, Unsafe Sex, Vaginal Fingering, non-romantic

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT), Reader, Unnamed Protagonist

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Reader, Pennywise x You

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Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,051

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Summary:

Reader X It (Pennywise). You're the local middle school teacher out to solve the decades long mystery. You strike a deal with the clown, Pennywise. Will it be enough to stop the killings?

Eat Me

Author's Note:

I am Pennywise trash. Enjoy my clown kink.

Eat Me

You've lived in Derry, Maine your entire life. You know no other place. Growing up you heard about the disappearances and strange occurrences every twenty-seven years. Now, you're reaching forty and a teacher at the local middle school, the one you went to as a girl. Many of your classmates went missing over the years. And now you've seen your students go missing since the year before. You're determined to figure it out once summer starts.

As a teacher, your experiences with your students are precious. They're the ones you give you joy and your job a greater purpose. They need protection. Your first thought is to go to the library and try to do some research on these past occurrences.

"Boning up for next year's lesson planning?" the librarian asks placing the histories before you.

"Sure am. Never too early to plan for the future," you reply.

Flipping through the pages you notice a familiar face beginning to appear. A pattern? These disappearances couldn't be the work of just one serial killer over decades. Your mind wanders as you continue your research, writing down dates, locations, getting a sense of why this is happening. Suddenly you hear a laugh. A chuckle behind your ear.

Getting closer, teach?

The chuckle grows into a low growl. You turn around to see a red balloon floating at the entrance of the library. You get up and follow it out the door and to your car. The red balloon rests at the drivers' side of your car. You notice a figure standing behind it. A clown. A devilish looking clown, not one you'd see at a birthday party. He

peers behind the balloon. A sinister grin stretches across his face. You look around to see if anyone else sees the clown. No one reacts to the strangeness that is this creature.

“What do you want?” you call out, holding your ground.

The clown tilts his head, still smirking, and points to you. A shiver goes down your spine as if one of the clown’s fingers is tracing it.

He opens your car door, “Come on, teach! Let’s go for a drive!”

You look around one last time, wanting to see if anyone has noticed him. Everyone is acting normal, walking their dogs, riding their bikes. None seem to care.

You walk down the steps and approach your car. The clown steps aside, bowing his head slightly and allows you in. He closes the door and instructs you lower the window.

“Follow me, Ms. N/A. You’ll love my abode! Abode was one of your vocabulary words this year, right? A-B-O-D-E.” He laughs at his correct spelling before his tone changes into something more threatening. “Do I get a gold star, Ms. N/A?”

You grip the steering wheel hard, never breaking eye contact. The pounding of your heart rings in your ears. Clearly, he’s watched you.

“Are we leaving yet, Mr. Clown?” you ask sternly.

“Ohohoho, so formal. *Mr. Clown*,” he mocks your voice, “That’s a terrible name. You can call me Pennywise, the Dancing Clown!” There’s a jingle in his voice when he states his name. “Follow my balloon.”

You nod and roll the window up. You drive at a steady pace as the balloon leads you to 29 Neibolt Street. *The abandoned house*. ‘Why didn’t I think of this sooner?’

You get out and watch the balloon enter the house. The door creaks open, ready for visitors. You swear you heard a whisper, “Welcome to my abode.” Your heels slip and scratch on the old wooden steps as you enter. Wrong shoes to wear for this but there was no time to change them.

As you enter the door slams behind you. You shudder at the suddenness of the sound. Laughter and jingles ring through the house. You aren't sure in which direction its coming from.

"Hello?" you call out. "I followed your balloon here. You going to explain to why this is happening? All the disappearances?"

You take a step forward. No reply, only the jingling grows louder. You stand your ground, knowing full well if you need to run you'll need to make it count. The jingling abruptly stops.

You can hear your heart beat in your eardrums. Your eyes dart around to see if you can catch a glimpse of him. You doubt your abilities to tackle him.

'This was a mistake.' You turn to make a run for it only to be met with the clown's face in a childish grin.

"Class isn't dismissed yet, miss. The bell doesn't dismiss you, *I* do."

He breaks into a laugh at the obvious joke he's made at your expense. You realized he's just quoted you. He's watched you all year. 'Fuck me.'

You manage to break his laughter with a scream, "What do you want, Pennywise?!"

His head tilts as he approaches you. You try to lift your right heel to step back but its stuck. He's inches from your face as he smells your hair. He lifts one hand and plays with it all the while never breaking the smile. Saliva drops from the curls of his grin.

"I wonder what teacher tastes like," he answers finally, moving his hand to your neck as it travels down to the top button your blouse.

It takes all your strength to muster a voice to ask, "If I let you eat me, will you leave the children alone?"

His grin widens further, his buckteeth are gone in favor of fangs. You realize that he's been taking the children as food. His face changes as he contemplates this decision.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

A thought runs through your mind as he thumbs your blouse's buttons. You take his hand bring it your mouth, tasting his glove. His brows scrunch up as he watches your tongue dance from finger to finger. You gently suck on each one and gage his reaction. His yellow-reddened eyes are in awe, his mouth agape. You have his full attention.

"I'll let you taste me, lick me, and eat me. All yours, if you end this today," your voice is firm. Its that dominant '*teacher voice*' you use to scare students' parents when their child isn't compliant.

He pulls you in violently with one arm wrapped around your waist. He growls intently into your face to get a reaction. Your poker face doesn't break. He scoffs, and you're unsure of what he plans to do next so you make a move...a kiss. A soft kiss planted on his sticky, saliva drenched lips. They're surprisingly soft. You lick his saliva from your lips and purse them into a smile.

"Your move, Pennywise."

He laughs and is inches from your face, "I like you." Gripping your waist, he forces you to the moldy wooden floor on your back. Your hands are above your head as he hovers over. Your breathing becomes heavier and shaken. His mouth drools saliva as he watches your chest rise and fall.

"Lemme see what's underneath," he says with glee, and like a kid opening a present on his birthday he gently unbuttons your blouse, one by one until your bra is exposed. His teeth tug at left cup of your bra before tearing it off you in one swipe. It creates a fabric burn on your shoulders but even through that you're becoming aroused. His tongue unfolds itself from his mouth and takes a long lick against your breasts. He flickers it around your nipple and you squirm in pleasure. Soft moans escape your mouth as he teases you further.

'Fuck, why am I so turned on by this? If you live to see tomorrow, you gotta go see a head shrink.'

You take his face into your hands and lift to yours. You want to taste him. You kiss him deeply this time, opening your mouth to let his tongue into yours. He tastes like...a circus? Candied apples, hotdogs

with mustard, cotton candy, melted chocolate, potato chips, andddd...popcorn.

You pull his face back to look at him. He's dumbfounded. You can't help but smile. You lick all around your lips, "Delicious."

Pennywise's eyes widen in joy. You both laugh. Clearly, he's not had much experience with women. 'Maybe, I can use this to my advantage.'

You wrap your legs around his waist and with quick speed, flip him on his back. He chuckles at your skill, "Ohohoho! Now you'll show me what's what huh, teach? You goin' to punish me? Gimme detention?"

You groan at his lame teacher jokes, "I've heard these before, Pennywise. Try something original."

You unzip your skirt and shimmy it down, leaving you in your undies. You take one of his hands and grind it up against your cunt. You feel how wet you are against the cloth. Pennywise's face is in awe. His eyes are fixed on you as you writhe and squirm against his fingers as they dig into you. He grows impatient. He wanted to feel your flesh. Finally, he tears it off you as you continue to enjoy his fingers fucking your swollen cunt. Instinctively, or otherwise, he grabs your left breast and thumbs your nipple as your moans become cries of pleasure. You try to contain your 'Oh Gods,' and 'Oh fuck me's' but they escape your mouth regardless. And as if he could read your mind, he calls you, "Dirty N/A." It sets you off and you feel the release of your climax. You remove his fingers from inside you and try to catch your breath. Pennywise licks his fingers of your juices. But before you could enjoy the afterglow, Pennywise rises up from the floor.

"I still haven't tasted *you*," he purrs and tosses you on your back. Your head slams against the floor as he spreads your legs, placing one over each shoulder. He inches downwards and taking nips and licks of your thighs. They shake at his touch and this clearly pleases him. "Ohohoho, I hope you're not afraid."

"No, clown. It means you fucked me good," you explain. You can feel

his hot breath against your throbbing cunt, still wet from his fingers. Pennywise's tongue takes a long lick of your entrance. You shudder. He feels so good. He takes his time licking your juices, lapping them up like a dessert he's never tasted before.

Pennywise comes up for air, "Mmmmm, you're just as delicious."

'As delicious? As...what or whom?'

You bury those thoughts quickly. Your hands reach to touch his head and push him down, but he's back to work on your cunt. Pennywise spreads your lips further to enter deeper inside you. His tongue is long and thick in the right places. Better than any cock you've had sloppily shoved up inside you while dry. No, he's moist and willingly to make you cum. He bobs his head as his tongue slips in and out of you. His tongue is fucking you better than anyone you've had. Pennywise then grips your thighs as you buck hard against him. He's a fast learner. This time you climax even harder and scream his name, "Pennywise!"

The clown withdraws his tongue from your cunt. His mouth is covered in saliva and your juices as his grin grows from ear to ear.

"So delicious. You're just as good!" he says gleefully.

You're catching your breath as he stands up. You can't move...not yet. You want to enjoy this high. You're sprawled out on the floor as your head begins to clear. Your objective, your goal is to stop him.

You breathe deeply before asking, "And what of our deal? You'll leave my students alone. You tasted me, licked me, even fucked me."

Pennywise cocks an eyebrow, "But I didn't *eat* you."

You shudder, "We had a deal. Eat me then. Take my flesh and spare the rest!"

Pennywise lets out a bellowing laugh and crouches down beside you, "No, no, no, no, no, no. I won't eat you today. I want to savor you. Like a piece of birthday cake. I love your taste. I want more of it. More of you." He boops your nose. "I'll let those losers live then...if I can have more of you."

You nod. A bargain struck.

END